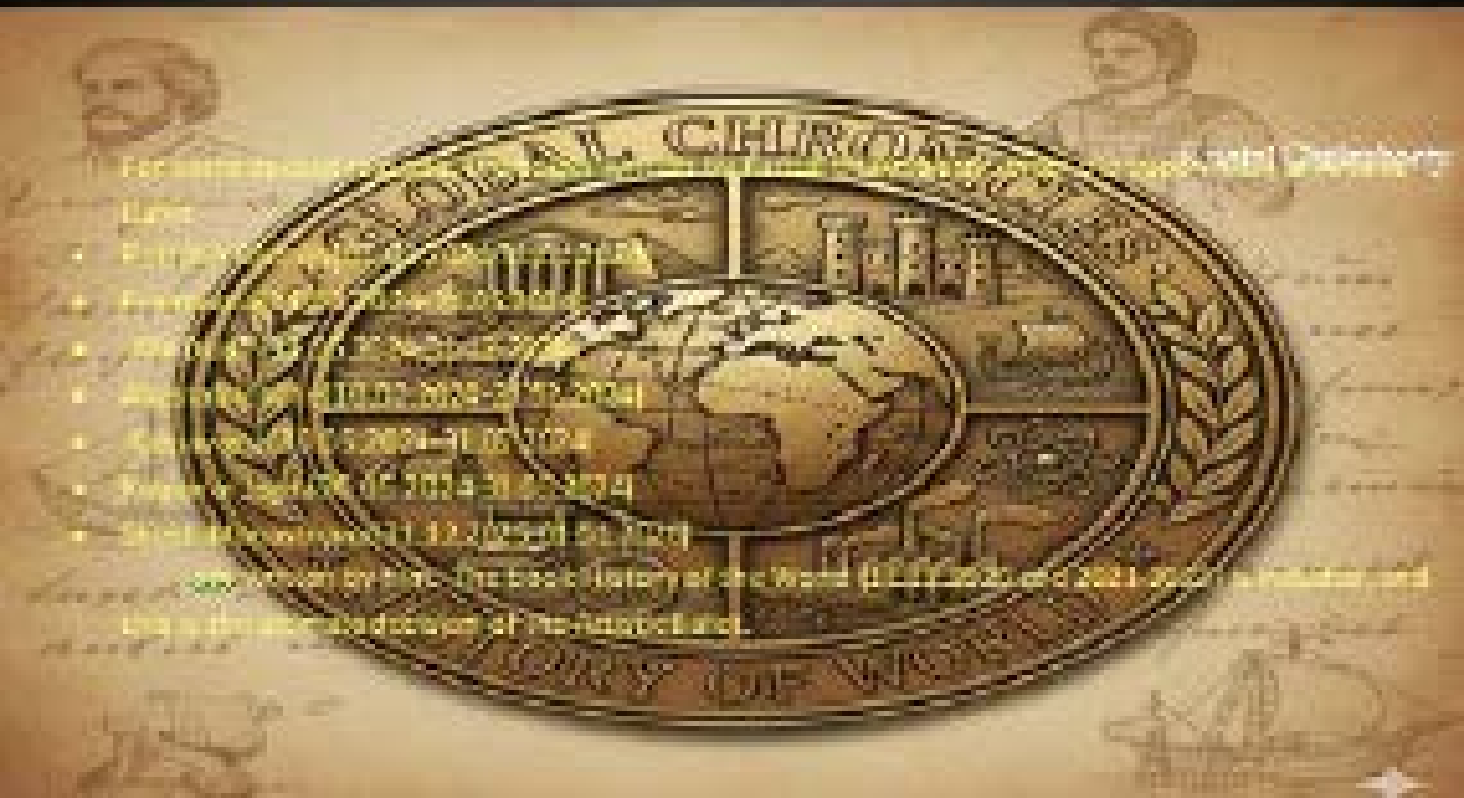
History of World

(11-12 2020 and 2021-2023)

First volume

Kuntal Chakraborty



Kuntal Chakraborty

ARTISTIC BALLETS AUTHOR'S COUNCIL

Conents

Name of Story	Page Number
• Bengal	01
• Fire in the muzzle of the cannon	02
• Three men	03
• Skeleton smeared with Abir	04
• Gold mine under the cannon	06
• The magic house	08
• The Mystery of Hastigarh	09
• That head is alive	11
• Tulkalam in the cemetery	13
• Story Teller of Fiction	14

Bengal

Once upon a time, two cows lived in a village. They were very good friends. One day, one of cows said, “You know, where I used to live, moonlight was used tomake bread.” Hearing this, the other cow said, “You know, where I used to live, eggs were boiled in the duck's stomach.”

Artistic Ballets

Fire in the muzzle of the cannon

Good morning, my name is Krishnacharan. I am a detective by profession. Since this morning, my mind was jumping for the case. And my jumping purpose was successful. The case came at 11:20 am.

The case is that someone from a British era mansion fires bullets every night and when you go near the cannon, you can see smoke coming out of the muzzle of the cannon. But there is no sign of any living creature next to it or in the flower garden next to it.

The next day, when I reached my destination, it was 11:25 am. The cannon was in the house of Zamindar Anind Sen. I noticed it while entering his house. The cannon is about three people tall. The cannon is surrounded by iron grills. But what is surprising, there is no bullet in the cannon, yet someone fires bullets every day. Again, there is smoke in the muzzle of the cannon. What is the matter, I don't know..!

I was curiously thinking about the murder of Zamindar Anind Sen the next day. But how could this happen? First, the sound of gunfire was heard. Then this death, my head was completely spinning. I decided that now I would stay awake at night to see who was firing from that cannon every day. When I sat down to watch the common after eating at night, it was 11:30 pm. Silence gradually engulfed the surroundings. Even then, no animals existed. Only the sound of crickets could be heard occasionally. In the meantime, I did not notice when my eyes had been slightly strained.

Suddenly, a loud noise was heard and my eyes immediately widened as I looked in that direction. The landlord's servant put a bullet in the cannon and immediately ran towards his house. The next morning, I told everyone except the landlord's servant to open the door, and asked everyone to hide around the cannon tonight.

At about 10:45 pm, Murtiman was seen. As soon as he came near the cannon, we all caught him and handed him over to the police. Later I heard that he was hanged in court. A whole month had passed since this case. Suddenly, I remembered the incident in some context, I immediately called the police station officer and asked him what exactly happened? What he said in reply was exactly like this - “That servant of the landlord used to secretly sell the valuable things of the landlord’s house abroad. Gradually, he became more greedy over time. After that, he intended to sell not only the things, but the entire landlord’s house. That is why the drama of the gunfight was staged so that everyone would think that these ghosts would leave the house. But the landlord Anind Sen stood in the way. So he himself removed him from the road. And he had the son of the next landlord of the landlord’s family, Anind Sen, locked up somewhere.”

Later, the police rescued him and returned him to his house.

Three men

Once upon a time, there were three men living in a village. They were very close friends. They were very wise and intelligent. One day the soldiers came and said that war is coming soon and it will destroy the village and there will be a war of Hastigarh with Manipur.

Their conversation

First man:- My dear friend, let's go, let's go far away from our village. The others got angry.

The others said:- We are not willing to go far away from the village. Because the whole country is our motherland.

Artistic Ballets

Skeleton smeared with Abir

Good morning, my name is Krishnacharan. I am a detective by profession. Today at 11:10 am, a case came in. The case is that the grandfather of a person named Ramesh suddenly disappeared. But after a few days, his grandfather's half-eaten dead body was found. Looking at the place with the skeleton, it seems that someone has smeared Abir well. But they believe that it is a murder.

The next morning, when I reached there, it was 11:30 am. Almost as soon as I reached my destination, Romeshbabu cried and said that the one who brutally killed my grandfather should not be able to escape in any way. I consoled him and said - "I will catch your grandfather's murderer". Then I talked to Atanu Mitra of the local police station. I asked him if it could be the work of a tiger or a wild boar? He replied that he also had some guesses, but I don't know if there has ever been a tiger infestation in this area. However, Ramesh Babu and I are of the same opinion, it was murder. But no evidence of murder was found anywhere around the body. I asked him if the body could be seen once? He replied that it was not yet. I asked him again what the postmortem report said. He again told me sadly that the postmortem report had not come yet. Then after questioning the residents one by one, I asked Ramesh Babu, did your grandfather have any enmity with anyone? He said almost in a tearful voice, yes, with Suresh. I asked him, who is this Suren again? What was the enmity with your grandfather about? What he told me in reply was this, Suren is a complete goon and he had a dispute with Ramesh Babu's grandfather over a piece of land. The next morning, Atanu Mitra came and informed that the postmortem report had termed it a natural death. Then we went to see the death spot. Since the death spot is by the river, it is natural to assume that it is the work of a tiger or a wild boar, but the problem lies elsewhere, with that part smeared with Abir. I found the answer to the latent question in my mind right there, hidden behind a bush, where there are several bottles of unknown medicine. I told Officer Atanu Mitra to send them to the forensic lab. The next morning, he told me that it is a substance that cannot be detected by science.

Now it seems that the matter has entered my head. The matter is that first Suren kidnapped Ramesh Babu's grandfather, and killed him to get his work done. And when I expressed this thought to Atanu Mitra, he said that he also had the same thought, but he had not found any evidence against him yet, so he could not interrogate him. After that, I did not see him for almost two days. Suddenly one day, he appeared and said, Krishnacharan Babu, I have found evidence against Suren, I have taken out an arrest warrant, let's go. After a two-hour drive and fifteen-minute walk from Romesh Babu's house, Officer Mitra and his police force reached Suren's camp. It was a very pleasant environment for such an activity. As soon as we entered, the first thing we noticed was various drugs and illegal weapons being stored there, and we didn't have to work hard to find the person named Suren. Then we got the news that he had been sentenced to life imprisonment. As time went by, a whole year passed, and as soon as I remembered

the incident, I called Officer Mitra, and this is what he said - "Suren wanted to open a factory on the land that was the subject of the dispute. But Ramesh Babu's grandfather strongly protested against this, because he was an environmental scientist, so he understood that the pollution of the soil would increase by about ten times for that factory."

Gold mine under the cannon

Good morning, I am Krishnacharan. I am a detective by profession, this morning when I was out for a morning walk with my dog Pluto. Then a strange incident happened, Pluto suddenly ran towards a house. I also ran after him, he saw me coming and entered the house. Being a victim of circumstances, I also had to enter the house. After entering the house, I did not have to search much. He was sitting on one side of the door like a dog with a tail. As I was walking out with him, a serious voice came from behind - "Who are you? And what are you doing here?" I then said my name is Krishnacharan, I am a detective by profession. I came here to pick up my dog. I apologize for disturbing you, then the person said in a soft tone, actually we are deeply worried about a matter.

I said if you don't mind, can I know about it? Then he started saying, "About 200 years ago, during the Nawab-Badgar era, when diamonds and gold were being smuggled, my grandfather, Adinath Sarkar, had once exposed it, and as a result, he got half of the property that was recovered. Since then, the possibility of his death began to appear at every step. We have a cannon in our house, but it has been completely destroyed. Then one day, my grandfather and father sent us all out of the house and who knows what the two of us did inside, but within a day, someone killed my grandfather in broad daylight, and after that, my father also left this world last year. Then I found a note in my father's room. It was written on it, "If no one finds the hidden treasure, then that treasure will be kept with Shambhu." I could not understand the meaning of this statement," the man said, when he fell silent, I said, "Can I see the note?" He said, "Of course." He said, "I brought a small box and said, 'This box contained the note. If you don't mind, can I keep it for my investigation?' When he agreed, I said, 'Come back today and I'll let you know if I can find out anything.'" While I was arranging the whole incident on my way home, it occurred to me that on Purnada, people used to name their cannons after great warriors and gods. If I'm not mistaken, the hidden treasure is under that cannon. But for some reason, the gentleman didn't seem to be very helpful to me. At that moment, it occurred to me. What the gentleman said, that is, about his father's death, was it really a death? Or a murder? The next morning, when I revealed this suspicion to the local police station officer, the fog cleared. The real fact was that "someone killed his father but the murderer has not been found yet." I then told them everything about their hidden treasure and told them that I did not feel comfortable with that gentleman, the only reason for which was his excessive sweating and his wide-eyed stare while talking. After that I said that I will first enter the house and inform that person about everything. Then I will call you if I see any trouble, then you can enter the house and handle the situation. After the office agreed, the work started as planned. As soon as I entered the house, the gentleman came forward and said, “Is something wrong?” I smiled and said that of course, I have found out where your grandfather’s hidden treasure is. He said enthusiastically where is it? I said, under that cannon. After hearing this, his eyes sparkled with greed. He suddenly pulled out a pistol from somewhere and pointed it at me, and I immediately called the police. Immediately, the local police officer and the armed police arrived, he did not seem surprised to see them. He said again - "If you do not leave, I will treat you like my father?" I then asked him if he had killed his father. He said without hesitation, yes, at that time when a constable was standing behind the man, none of us noticed. He hit the man on the shoulder with the butt of his gun in such a way that the gun fell from his hand and landed at my feet. Immediately, the local police officer arrested him. Then he said to me, let's see if your guess is correct. We went to the cannon and wondered

how he would recover the treasure. At that time, I noticed that the area next to the cannon was cut. I then asked a constable to check the place to see if it was hollow. He checked and said - yes. At that moment, Shambhu, another name for Lord Mahadev, came to mind, so perhaps the door would open if the cannon was turned to the east. My suspicion was correct, as soon as the cannon was turned, all the treasures were found. The value of that treasure is currently about 4000,000,000,00 taka, and I later heard that the gentleman was hanged in court.

Artistic Ballets

The magic house

Once upon a time, there were three people in a village. They lived in a beautiful house. The house was magical. But no one knew it. One day, the first man opened the window and went into the kitchen. When he came back, he found the window closed. He was very scared and told the other two people what had happened. They could not believe it. At that moment, they heard a loud noise and they ran out of the house in great fear. They heard the voice of an old woman, whose name was Fairy Miss Michael. She said, "This is my house, so you should leave here." The three people said, "We have only one house. Now if you throw us out of here, where will we live?" After listening to them, he built a new beautiful house for them. The three people were very happy to see this.

Artistic Ballets

The Mystery of Hastigarh

Habul and Suresh were two friends. Habul was good at studies, while Suresh was a bit laid-back. Seeing the upcoming summer vacation, Habul said, "Let's go to our village this time." Suresh replied, "What will you hunt birds with, a stick?" Habul said, "No! My father has a double-barreled gun." Suresh said, "Great! Then let's send a letter home, and then we can go." The next day, they arrived at Habul's village. There, they suddenly learned that Habul's marriage was fixed with a girl from the neighboring village. The girl was 12 years old, named Shiuli. Habul initially objected, but at his father's command, he said, "Okay." Then they went for a walk around the village. Suddenly, a sound of crying came from a house. They learned from someone that Hari the barber had died, and his wife was crying like that. Hearing this, Habul expressed some sorrow and said, "Let me show you something." Suresh asked, "What will you see again?" Habul said, "Our Rajbari, our ancestors were once the kings here, and this kingdom was called Hastigarh." Saying this, Habul took him to a plateau. Suresh sat on a hill and asked Habul, "Where is your Rajbari?" Then Habul pointed to a ravine and said, "It used to be there. It went underground in an earthquake 600 years ago. But they wrote a scripture. I hear stories from my father. Now let's go home." Then, sitting down to eat, Habul asked his father, "Did Hari the barber really die?" In response, his father said, "I think so, Hari suddenly became a big man, how can the happiness of the poor last long?" After that, there was no more talk about it.

After finishing lunch, the two friends were lying down and chatting. Suddenly Suresh said, "If we could go down that ravine, it would be quite an adventure!" Habul almost jumped up at the words and said, "Are you out of your mind? If you fall once while going down there, then the worldly illusion will end there." But there is a way, you can go down there by hanging a rope and taking proper precautions. Suresh said, "What will happen if your father finds out?" Habul said, "No, nothing will happen. Father will go to England tomorrow to buy wedding jewelry, we can go down there on that occasion." Suresh said, "Then let it be so." The next day, they tied a rope to a tree and climbed down into the deep ravine. As soon as they came down, a foul smell came to their noses. After searching around inside the ravine, they found the dead body of the barber, and something was shining in his hand. When they took it in their hands, they saw some coins from the time of Hastigarh. Now everything was clear to them, Hari the barber had found the Hastigarh Rajbari and had become rich by selling valuable items from it. But the wheel of fortune turns, while taking the coins from the ravine, he fell over a large stone due to carelessness and died there. Then they searched and found the cave to enter the Rajbari, which Hari the barber used for these evil deeds. Then they entered the cave, Habul entered and said to Suresh, "Let's see a little more inside, if anything remains." Taking Hari the barber's lantern, they saw that some remnants were still left. They looked around all the rooms of the Rajbari except one, in which they saw no signs of any remains. Habul expressed curiosity about that last room, which they could not go to. Disappointed, Habul said, "Let's go home now." The next day, they brought the double-barreled gun with them and entered the cave and went straight to the front of that last room, and protecting their ears, Habul fired a shot at the hard layer of mud and clay of that room, the layer broke easily as it was hollow, they moved forward through the broken part, then they saw a huge hall, and a huge bed decorated inside it. They

could guess that it might be someone's bedroom by looking at the beauty of the interior of the room. Lighting a lamp among the furniture, what they saw in that light was unbelievable. They saw Habul and a girl lying on the bed. This was probably possible due to extreme pressure, heat, and lack of air.

After seeing this, when they came up from the ravine, it was almost evening. As soon as they returned home, Habul's mother asked with curiosity, "Where were you all this time?" Then Habul said, "We went to that jungle." Then they washed their hands and faces and sat face to face in the house trying to forget the matter, suddenly Habul said, "I will not marry this girl." Suresh asked anxiously, "Why?" He did not give any other answer, the next day when his father returned, he told him that, his father scolded him and said, "Have you taken marriage as a joke? When you want to, you will do it, and when you don't want to, you won't. Go and do your work." After the situation cooled down a bit, Habul's father showed him a holy picture. Seeing the picture, Habul told his father everything about Hastigarh. But it didn't seem from his father's face that he believed the words. But when he saw everything with his own eyes, sweat started to appear on his forehead. Then he looked at them and said in a worried tone, "This is a very complex matter. Let's go to the saint-father under the tree." What a strange thing, they had not noticed that saint-father for so long. After telling him everything, all the puzzles were solved. He said, "About 500 years ago, the house Hastigarh Rajbari was right here. The day was very happy, it was the wedding of the young Kumar Bahadur, and Kumar Bahadur was none other than you, but it seems that God had written something else in the fate of the Maharaj. The day after the wedding was the wedding night of the young Kumar Bahadur, the Maharaj went hunting that night with great joy. After hunting two wild boars and a deer, when he was returning in the morning, he felt like taking a rest, he tied the horse to a tree and was resting, when he felt that the earth was shaking. When the earthquake stopped, he realized the danger and set off for home with the horse, when he reached his destination, everything was over. Where was the Rajbari, there was dust and this deep ravine. Then he married again and started a family. Since then, 500 years have passed, and today you have witnessed that history." He sighed. Then he said, "Go and get married and live happily. There is no fear anymore."

That head is alive

Since this morning, the monkey was jumping for adventure. But what else to do, there is no case. Oh! I have not been given my identity in words, my name is Krishnacharan, I am a detective by profession. A case came in this morning at 8:12. A bull has started causing trouble in a stone cave in a village called Jhilgaon. That is, it is understood that there is a story behind this incident.

Later, the history came to know, in the legend of that village, it is written that the skull of the bull of the god Jamraj is in that cave. At this time, he suddenly started causing trouble. Some villagers believe that this is the work of some miscreant group. Again, some people said that this is the work of this or that spirit. But I do not believe it, how is this possible? Of course, it is my job to fence it. When I came to this village, I was at the house of Zamindar Anind Sen. Here I found two assistants, the first one's name is Rashidul and the second one's name is Abhishek, both are policemen of the local police station. The next day I set out to circumambulate the hill, the hill is not very big, there is a tunnel under a cave located at a height of two people, through it you can see a temple with that skull kept in it. The temple is two people high and one person wide, there is a red dhaja on the head of the temple, the upper part of the temple is painted yellow and the rest of the temple is painted red.

I observed the temple and came out again through the tunnel, and set out for the village again. I set out for the temple at 10 am and, when I returned to Makhan, it was 12 noon. When I returned to the village, two new things caught my eye, the first was that everyone was looking at me with strange eyes since I came to the village. The second was that the village panchayat was changing into a different person with every word. This time, I couldn't help but ask the village panchayat, "Are you worried about something?" He almost choked and said, "You are the only one who can do the work." I asked, "What happened?" He replied, "Yes, it happened, tell me." But what happened? He replied, "I will tell you later." Because their spies are still roaming around in this village, watching to see if anyone is doing anything against them." Saying this, he left. He came at around 10:30 at night. As soon as he entered the house, he looked around and said, "Listen, the truth is, a few years ago, a group of miscreants started causing trouble, so the villagers got angry with them and set fire to them to make them go away. But some of them managed to escape. I believe that those who escaped and survived are the ones who have started causing trouble again." Saying this, he swallowed a panicked stomach and greeted me and left the house. The next day everyone woke up and said that he had been murdered, so I went to see the body in a fresh mood. When I reached my destination, I saw that many people and police had already arrived. As soon as I went, a police officer said that you should check the spot once. But do not touch the body. As soon as I went near the dead body, I noticed that there was something stuck near the back of the body. The thing was kept in such a way that it would be visible when you went near the dead body. I took the object in my hand and saw a note written on it - 'Do not encroach on our work, otherwise a situation like this will happen. This is your good wish.' I showed the note to a police officer, who said that the writing was in a mature hand, and said that he kept it with him as important information. When I was

walking towards the landlord's house, I saw a person from the crowd walking towards the forest, almost blindly. I followed him and saw that he entered a cave. I also entered after him. Entering the cave, my eye-catching tree. That's the temple where that skull is. I quickly informed the police. And I told them to keep the force ready, everything will be cleared tonight. It was 11:30 at night, the sound of a car was heard, I came out of the house and saw the police car, I took the pistol I had brought with me and got into the car. When we reached our destination, it was 12:30. I told Rashidul that I think they have sensed our presence, as a few lights were seen in the distance, as soon as they saw the lights, some people fired shots. After that, there was only a fierce jungle battle. In this battle, we have already lost Dukhen. This brutal death battle went on for about three hours. Finally, we won the war, in this war, there was no thought about the cave, and it was too late to think. Our idea was wrong, we had not yet gained the strength to fight, I was suddenly knocked unconscious by a blow from behind. When I regained consciousness, I was in the hospital, my condition was very critical. After being discharged from the hospital, I inquired about what had happened that day. Then when I found out everything, my eyes widened. The guess of that village panchayat was right. This was the work of that criminal group, they used to smuggle sandalwood, various illegal weapons and medicines, poisonous drugs in the dark of night in that forest. That battle that day, the entire group was caught, including Bamal. But the leader of that group tried in vain to escape after injuring me, and finally died on the spot after being shot by a police officer.

Artistic Ballets

Tulkalam in the cemetery

Good morning, my name is Krishnacharan. I am a detective by profession. This morning, my eyes turned red as soon as I read the newspaper. The cemetery adjacent to my area has the tomb of the famous Kalo Madukar, from where three people are said to have disappeared, meaning they were last seen near that tomb.

The people of the area believe that this is the soul of that magician. As soon as I read the news, I ran towards the cemetery. When I went there, I saw a few policemen standing guard in front of the gate. As soon as I tried to enter, a policeman said - "Who are you? What do you want here?" I replied that my name is Krishnacharan, I want to investigate this case. Hearing this, he was hesitant at first, but later, after hearing my reputation from another person, he agreed to my words.

He said, "Okay, you can go inside." I went inside and saw some policemen standing around a place and discussing among themselves, I understood that the tomb of the sorcerer was there. I started looking around a little, as I had evidence like myself, and at that time I saw some people lying under a tree. I was shocked when I touched their bodies, and I saw that not a single one of them was alive. I immediately told the policemen standing around the tomb about it, and as soon as they started their initial work, I returned from there.

After returning, I don't know why I started to feel that there was so much mystery surrounding that tomb. While thinking about all this, while I was walking in the evening, I saw some people carrying a sack going towards the tomb of the sorcerer. When I was going to stop them, they suddenly disappeared, as if they had been struck by some magic. I immediately informed the police about the matter and told them to keep the force ready, all the cases will be tried tonight. It was around 11:38 pm. After finishing my dinner, I went out to the cemetery, when I reached there, I saw that the police force had taken their position. I also sat down at a place. At around 1:30 am, I saw everyone empty like a ghost, a man went to the tomb of the magician and as soon as he touched the plus sign near his head, the tomb moved and the man suddenly disappeared from that place. We immediately went there and saw that the tomb had turned into a tunnel. We followed that tunnel and reached a place in a scientific laboratory. As far as I could see of that place, only corpses were being buried, and a few doctors were doing something around a place. Seeing all these anti-social activities, the police promptly arrested them, not only that, but also recovered ten living men and women, large drums of formalin and various chemicals to prevent decomposition. The next day, I saw in the newspaper that the people whom the police had arrested last night were a group of famous organ traffickers. They will be produced in court today. A few days after this incident, I heard through the newspaper that they had been hanged in court.

Story Teller of Fiction

[A story of a time when classes are going on in a school in a village. The teacher is explaining the homework to the students.]

Teacher- Listen, students, I have given you a task. You have to write a story and bring it to me the next day. What, is there any problem?

Students- No.....!

The next day

Teacher- Listen, students, today I will teach you the fourth chapter of your textbook. Before that, will you all write a story and bring it?

Students- Yes.....!

Teacher- Then everyone submit your notebooks here.

[The teacher started teaching. After finishing teaching, he started looking at the homework given at home. After looking at two notebooks, he took the third notebook in his hand]

Teacher- Whose notebook is this?

[Picks up a student from the crowd of students]

Specific student- This is my notebook.

Teacher- What, you just tweaked the fourth chapter.

A specific student- No, teacher- I didn't tweak the story. The writer of the story tweaked my story.

[The teacher, unable to keep his mind balanced after hearing this answer from the student, fainted and the entire classroom burst into laughter.]

THIS BOOK IS PUBLISHED FROM ARTISTIC BALLETS AUTHOR’S COUNCIL

ARTISTIC BALLETS AUTHOR'S COUNCIL